A new Election SONG,

In Praiſe of 'Squire BOWES.

MR B——s, Mr B——s,
Both your friends and your foes
Are told, that in times of Election,
A candidate's claim
To good or ill fame,
Is a ſubject for public inſpection:
Mr B——s,
Is a ſubject for public inſpection.

Well then, Mr B——s,
For once we'll ſuppoſe
Your candour will grant the poſition;
Or if you don't grant it,
Why rather than want it,
We'll take it without your permiſſion:
Mr B——s,
We'll take it without your permiſſion.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Perhaps, Mr B——s,
Your own worth to diſcloſe,
May ſhock your own delicate feelings;
It don't matter a ruſh,
And for fear you ſhould bluſh,
We'll make your friends ſpeak of your dealings:
Mr B——s,
We'll make your friends ſpeak of your dealings.